



# Battalion of One



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## Chapter 1 by Tomio Fujino

Little do soldiers realize, while covered in mud and blood, no man's land becomes your safe haven. No one can see you as long as you don't stand up, and the artillery fire drives straight pass you and into the opposite sides trenches. In a way, if no one attempts to advance upon the other, no man's land is the eye of the storm.

Here I lay, the last man of Duke of Troy's Infantry Battalion, surrounded by my brethren, the newly deceased. Most were lucky enough to be killed on the spot by heavy machine gun fire, but for the first hour that I lay here, face up in the scorched ground, I heard the screams and gunfire of both sides. Without the cover of trenches, the only screams I heard came from the rest of my Battalion.

I was one of the few medics that was granted the honor of using canisters of Phosgene, deadly gases that kill within a large radius, especially within trench warfare. I lay here, surrounded by the stuff, as I had the honor of tripping while throwing the canister; fortunately I had my gas mask on, as the chemical continues to linger, like it senses more victims to be put out of their misery.

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## Chapter 2 by Talivus



After a few short breaths to calm my nerves, not that it was easy in the mask. I mounted up my courage and faced towards the enemy. Gripping my trusty Colt, I vaulted over the trench and starting crawling over. Instantly, I heard a bullet wiz by dangerously close. Pray to all deities for luck, I slowly drag myself towards the first line of barb wires.

The journey probably took only 15 minutes or so, but to me, it was an eternity. I was caked in mud and my mouth filled with dirt. I wouldn't even wish this fate on my worst enemy. Many times I thought of giving up and just laying there to die by a stray bullet. But the thought of my wife back home, my beautiful Chrisandra, kept me going. I ain't dying when there's that lovely piece of meat waiting for me back home. Boners are a strong motivation force.

As I reached the first set of barb wires, I got my cutters out, snipping away while trying not to prick myself from the spikes. Bullets still sprayed all around me as if the ground was blooming dust. It was quite a surreal experience but I had to concentrate.

Just as I cut the last wire, I heard a familiar sound. It began with a low whistle among all the gunfire, steady growing louder into a screech.

"Son of a....." I whispered under my breath but didn't even get to finish before a massive explosion erupted just a few meters away. It was the bloody artillery opening fire again.

"Couldn't you wait for a few more minutes!" I sounded out in vain towards the enemy lines, not that they will listen.

However, this could be an advantage for me. The dust uplift generated by the artillery strikes can mask my movements. It was worth the risk to try to run for me. I mustered all my strength in my already tired legs and pushed them to the limit as I got up and sprinted towards the enemy. Explosions were happening left and right of me as if it was some action film. For a moment, I imagined myself as the main hero of some movie thinking I can't die, I have plot

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It was absolutely disgusting, rocks were stuck into my leg and dirt caked the wound. Blood was flowing freely turning the dirt red. However, as I medic, I knew it wasn't that bad, though the infection might just kill me later. The leg was mostly intact, though I most likely broke a bone or two.

Luckily I had my med pack on me. I quickly injected myself with morphine before getting to work trying to brushing off the dirt. I did my best to try to clean the wound. The rocks stuck in my leg, I couldn't do anything about so I just wrapped up my leg along with them. I deal with that later. Fortunately, i wasn't hurt anywhere else, but I definitely can't walk anymore.

After a shouting out a stream of curses, I knew I would have to crawl the rest of the way there. I looked to see how far I have left, and my expression turned to dismay. I was only half way there.

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